And oſtentation of deſpiſed Armes?
Com'ſt thou becauſe th'anoynted King is hence?
Why fooliſh Boy, the King is left behind,
And in my loyall Boſome lyes his power.
Were I but now the Lord of ſuch hot youth,
As when braue *Gaunt* thy Father, and thy ſelfe,
Reſcued the *blacke Prince*, that young *Mars* of men,
From forth the Rankes of many thouſand French:
Oh then, how quickly ſhould this Arme of mine,
Now priſoner to the Plaſhy, chaſtiſe thee,
And miniſter correction to thy fault.

*Bul.* My gracious Vncle, let me know my fault,
On what condition ſtands it, and wherein?

*Yor.* Even in condition of the worſt degree,
In groſſe Rebellion, and deteſted Treaſon:
Thou art a baniſh'd man, and here art come
Before th' expiration of thy time,
In braving Armes againſt thy Soueraigne.

*Bul.* As I was baniſh'd, I was baniſh'd *Hereford*,
But as a I come, I come for *Lancaſter*.
And noble Vncle, I beſeech your Grace
Looke on my wrongs with an indifferent eye:
You are my Father, for me thinkes in you
I ſee old *Gaunt* alive. Oh then my Father,
Will you permit, that I ſhall ſtand condemn'd
A wandring Vagabond, my Rights and Royalties
Pluckt from my armes perforce, and given away
To upſtart vnthrifts? Wherefore was I borne?
If that my Couſin King, be King of England,
It muſt be granted, I am Duke of Lancaſter.
You have a ſonne, *Aumerle*, my Noble Kinſman,
Had you firſt died and he bin thus trod downe,
He ſhould have found his Vncle *Gaunt* a father,
To rowze his wrongs, and chaſe them to the bay.
I am denyde to ſue my Liuery here;
And yet my Letters Pattens give me leave:
My fathers goods are all diſtraynd, and ſold,
And theſe, and all amiſſe imployd,



What

What would you have m
And challenge Law, Attor
And therefore perſonally
To mine inheritance of fr
*Nor.* The Noble Duke
*Roſ.* It ſtands your Grac
*Wil.* Baſe men by his en
*Yor.* My Lords of Engla
I have had feeling of my
And labour'd all I could
But in this kind, to come i
Be his owne Carver, and c
To find out Right with wr
And you that doe abeit hi
Cheriſh Rebellion, and are
*Yor.* The Noble Duke h
But for his owne, and for t
We all have ſtrongly ſwo
And let him nev'r ſee joy,
*Yor.* Well, well, I ſee the
I cannot mend it, I muſt n
Becauſe my power is weal
But if I could, by him that
I would attach you all, ar
Vnto the Soueraigne merc
But ſince I cannot, be it kn
I doe remaine as Neuter.
Vnleſſe you pleaſe to enter
And there repoſe you for
*Bul.* An offer Vncle, that
But we muſt winne your G
To Briſtoll Caſtle, which
By *Buſhie*, *Bagot*, and thei
The Caterpillers of the C
Which I have ſworne to w
*Yor.* It may be I will go
For I am loth to breake o
Not Friends, nor Foes, to

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (STC 22313) LONDON, 1634 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.12.g.19)